

THE BOURBON NEWS

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)
Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

THE ORCHARD.

The apple grove is bending low
To mark its year's completeness,
With happy branches whereon grow
A whole long summer's sweetness.
A rustle spreads from tree to tree—
Each courtesies and minces,
And whispers soft: "We bear, you see,
A banquet fit for princes!"

"The wind and rain of nights and days
Our alchemy has captured;
The noontide's golden, drenching rays;
The morning dew, raptured,
The clover fragrance in the air;
The hours so drowsy, sunny;
And all that makes an orchard fair
We've mingled with our honey."

"The cricket lent his piping song,
The bobolink his chorus,
The bumble-bee slow droned along
And dropped his pollen o'er us.
The clouds, amid the tender blue,
Poised lightly to caress us.
The stars, the dusky darkness through,
Crept close, with peace to bless us."

"Partake, nor fear to strip each limb
Of ruddy, wholesome treasure,
Till all the bins and barrels brim
With Nature's heaping measure;
And as you eat, when snowflakes fly
And gusts are sharply winging,
You'll see the depth of summer sky,
And hear the robins singing."

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Philadelphia Saturday
Evening Post.

Jobson Cleans House

"THIS house," remarked Mr. Jobson one evening recently, running his right index finger over the top of the frame of one of the parlor pictures and then flicking a lot of imaginary dust from the finger, "looks like a pig pen. Do you ever do any dusting in this plant? The dust's so thick all over the establishment that my lungs are all caked up. And the whole outfit's got a general run-down untidy, neglected look. Of course, I know that your efforts to keep up with current fiction make big inroads upon your spare time. Nevertheless, I should think you'd be able to snatch a moment here and there for the purpose of endeavoring to make your home look less like a soubrette's rag-time flat. How about it?"

"The house was cleaned from top to bottom this very morning," said Mrs. Jobson, "and if you can find a speck of dust anywhere—"

"Speck of dust anywhere, hey?" broke in Mr. Jobson, sarcastically. "I'll wager you the finest box of jujube paste or gum drops that can be bought for money, Mrs. Jobson, that I can collect two hogsheds full of dirt in this house inside of 20 minutes. The dirt's everywhere."

Mrs. Jobson didn't vouchsafe any reply to this extraordinary statement.

"It's nearly time for the fall house cleaning," she said, however, "and I intended to begin day after tomorrow. And that reminds me of something. You were so annoyed over the house cleaning last fall that you told me to give you at least two days' notice before beginning to clean house this autumn, so that you could have time to look over the papers, find out where the fish were biting the best and go away for a week's vacation. If you—"

Mr. Jobson walked over to where Mrs. Jobson sat and gazed at her curiously, as if she were some new and unusual ornithological specimen.

"I said that, did I?" he inquired, skeptically. "It's a wonder you don't go in for the manufacture of campaign literature."

"But you did, say that," insisted Mrs. Jobson, "and you added that you wouldn't remain around the house during another fall house cleaning for a million dollars spot cash. You—"

"All right," cut in Mr. Jobson. "I don't acknowledge that I ever employed such an idiotic phrase. But we'll let it go. This, you will understand, is another year. And, as it is another year, other conditions prevail. This year I'm going to do the whole job of house cleaning myself."

Mrs. Jobson's features contracted into an expression of alarm.

"Surely," she began, "you would not think of doing anything so foolish, and getting everything upside down and in a tangle, and overexerting yourself, and—"

"That's all right about my getting things in a tangle and overexerting myself, Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, loftily. "I don't intend to permit you to pick a quarrel with me over this matter. As I just announced, I am going to undertake the fall house cleaning job myself this year, and I'm going to start in at it the first thing after breakfast tomorrow morning."

"This house hasn't had a thorough scouring since we've been living in it. The so-called housecleanings have been the merest bluffs. Moreover, the operation usually keeps the house in a miserable, uncomfortable turmoil for a period ranging from a week to ten days, during which time you rush wildly about from room to room, with a towel bound around your head, looking like a person suffering from a gunshot wound, and broom in each hand, and the muck and dust flying from one piece of furniture to the other, and the meals always a couple of hours late, and not fit to eat when they're at length ready. Now I'm going about this housecleaning job in a systematic, business-like manner. I'm going to take the two days' leave coming to me, beginning tomorrow morning, and if, at the end of the second day, this whole outfit, from cellar to garret, isn't looking like a new dollar fresh from the mint, then I'm an

anarchist, that's all. What's more you won't know that anything unusual's going on while I'm developing this transformation scene. There will be no wild excitement and rushing about, and neighbors dropping in here won't be able to see a single indication that the fall housecleaning is under way. All you'll have to do will be to sit down with your hands in your lap and watch me. You'll unquestionably derive a great deal of benefit thereby, and next year, having profited by a study of my systematic methods, it may be that you'll be able to give a fair imitation of my manner of housecleaning. Just have an early breakfast-to-morrow morning. I want to begin about eight o'clock."

Mr. Jobson was up and togged out in an old bicycle suit before sunrise the next morning. At 6:30 he was growling about the lateness of breakfast (which is ordinarily served at 8:15 in the Johnson household), and, as the colored servant was late, Mrs. Jobson hastily prepared the meal for him.

Mr. Jobson bolted the breakfast and then he went into the parlor, rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to prove that he wasn't bound by any of the well-established rules of housekeeping by beginning his job there, instead of first attending to the upper part of the house. He piled all of the furniture in the room, including the piano and all of the pictures from the walls, in a toppling, pyramidal heap in the middle of the room. This done, he filled a bucket full of boiling water, dumped a whole can of lye into that, tore one of his good shirts into cleaning rags, and dipped the same into the bucket with the idea of cleaning the varnished window frames. He pulled his hand out very quickly, snapped his fingers, looked at Mrs. Jobson out of the corner of his eye to see if he could detect a smile on her placid countenance, and then held his lye-boiled hand under the cold water spigot for ten minutes or so. Then he chopped a hunk of ice off the piece in the refrigerator, dropped the same into the bucket, waited for the bucket's contents to cool some, and started in to wash the varnished window frames. The strength of the lye solution took the varnish off the frames in long streaks, and when Mr. Jobson noticed this he diluted the lye water and went ahead. Then he noticed several spots on the wall paper. With a wise look in his eye, he went to the bread box, broke a fresh loaf of bread in two, got a fistful of the crumbs in each hand, and rubbed the spongy crumbs over the spots on the wall paper. This scheme—of which he had read somewhere—didn't seem to work, for the spots didn't disappear, in spite of the exertion Mr. Jobson put into the task. So he moistened the bread crumbs, making them into a sticky paste, and rubbed on the wall paper spots some more. After he had rubbed about two square feet



STARTED IN ON THE WINDOW FRAMES.

of the paper into a brownish pulp, exposing the plaster, he gave that end of his task up, casting a slantwise glance at Mrs. Jobson to see if she was smiling. But she didn't appear to notice.

When Mr. Jobson soused water on all of the picture glasses and rubbed them squeakily with bits of newspaper, leaving them all in a condition of perfectly obvious streakiness. Then he pounded the upholstered seats of all the parlor chairs with the handle of a broom, so that he could barely be seen by Mrs. Jobson amid the clouds of dust that he produced. These and a plenty of other weird things he did, and after about two hours' hard work he rehung the pictures with their smeared glasses, pushed the piano back into its corner, arranged the chairs where they belonged, slapped a big feather duster over every article of furniture in the room, replaced the bric-a-brac on the mantel, and regarded Mrs. Jobson with a triumphant smile.

"Now the parlor's all done," said he, "What do you think of my system?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Jobson, "you haven't put the parlor carpet down yet, you know. It came back from the cleaners yesterday, and—"

Mr. Jobson glared at her. Then he went upstairs, took a bath, and togged out in his best. He had a grip in his hand when he came down.

"I'm going down the river for a couple of days, madam," said he, sepulchrally, "and the next time you cajole me into neglecting my business to do your work I'll know how to act, that's all!"—Washington Star.

Explained.

Bride to Be (enthusiastically)—How delightfully snug our home will be, Henry. You have furnished it so exquisitely, but isn't that statuette so frail that children will break it?

Groom to Be (confused)—Eh? I didn't think, er, didn't know—

Bride to Be (embarrassed but brave)—I mean—don't you see—you know that my little nephew and niece are sure to come to visit us.—Denver News.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Odd Bits of Domestic Information That May Be of Service to Them.

To obtain the perfume from any favorite flower is possible with little trouble, if one has an abundance of flowers. The blossoms should be picked without a stem and dropped into a jar half full of olive or almond oil. After standing in that until the next day, they should be put into a coarse cloth and squeezed dry over the bottle of oil. Then fresh flowers should be added and the operation repeated until the required strength is obtained. The oil is then to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits. This should be shaken every day for three weeks, when it may be turned off and bottled for use.

Stuffed tomatoes are also easily carried. It is better not to skim them, lest they crush. Wash and dry them, cut a thin slice from the top, chop the pulp without removing it, leaving a good thick wall. Add two or three drops of onion juice to each, a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing and one-half teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Salt and pepper to taste, and add a chopped olive if it is wanted. Place the cover on each tomato, pack closely in a box, and carry it right side up.

To cook a chicken in a chafing dish, cut it into four pieces and season it thoroughly with salt and pepper. Melt in the dish two scant tablespoonfuls of butter and add to it a teaspoonful of chopped onion. Put in the chicken and cook slowly, turning frequently until tender. Then mix the yolk of one egg with one-half cupful of cream and cook for one minute with the chicken. Add one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice just before serving.

One of the best ways to remove old wall paper is to dip a large and clean whitewash brush in warm water and apply it evenly to the wall before scraping with a kitchen knife. Holes in the plaster should be filled with plaster of paris, mixed with mortar.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Attractive Details That Go to Make Up the Stylish Fall Costumes.

A dainty gown in turquoise blue voile has a simple skirt trimmed with a wide band of cream colored Irish guipure applique laid on the blue voile some seven or eight inches above the hem. The bodice is covered entirely with flat plaits, finely stitched, and running downward from throat to waist, while round the shoulders there is a deep cape collar of Irish guipure, forming long revers in front, which are laced together with narrow black ribbon velvet, says the New York Tribune.

A pretty gown for morning wear is of voile, the color being a pale shade of green. The skirt is arranged with three deep flounces, each bordered with a narrow band of ebony lace insertion, while the bodice consists of a neat little coat of ebony lace, lined with pale green silk, and opening in front to show a finely plaited vest of white lace insertions, threaded through with narrow black velvet ribbon.

The newest "five o'clock tea gowns" are of the empire style, and some of the smartest have sleeveless boleros of Russian or Irish lace, or of velvet, caught over the bust by a rich buckle of dull gold or French gray silver.

Many of the newest hats, though they are still worn low over the forehead, are turned up sharply at the back with a big bow of black velvet, smartly tied, serving as a cache-peigne, and recalling almost exactly the modes of some three or four years ago.

Everywhere the binding of black velvet at the edge of the brim appears upon the prettiest hats for early autumn. Even the newest French sailor hats are made with wide brims, bound at the edge with black velvet drawn through a long steel buckle, bent to follow the line of the crown.

Care of Laces.

Iron lace on the right side first, then on the wrong side, to throw up the pattern.

When ironing laces cover them with clean white tissue paper. This prevents the shiny look seen on washed lace.

When putting lace away fold as little as possible. A good plan is to wind it round a card, as they do in shops. Use corn flour instead of ordinary starch for stiffening laces. This makes them firm and does not detract from the "lacy" appearance.

Laces and other delicate trifles should be placed in a muslin bag before being boiled. This prevents their getting lost and being torn in the wash.

All laces before being ironed should be carefully pulled out, each point receiving attention. You will be repaid for your trouble, as the lace will look twice as nice and last clean a much longer time.—Chicago Evening News.

Savory Potato Salad.

Boil some small new potatoes and when they are cold cut them into dice-shaped pieces. Put a layer of them into a salad bowl, sprinkle over them a small quantity of oil and vinegar (which has been thoroughly blended) and a little finely-chopped spring onion; add a thin layer of sliced radishes and pickled gherkin, then more potatoes, and so on until the bowl contains the required quantity, finished with potatoes. Round the edge put a border of small cress, from which the stalks have been removed, and over the top of the salad place some celled anchovies which have been preserved in oil; scatter some finely chopped parsley and the sieved yolk of a hard-boiled egg over the fish and potatoes and the salad will be ready to serve.

One Kind of Folly.

It is not wise to cut down the thistles in such a way as to scatter the seeds.—Ram's Horn.

TASTE OF CITY FRUIT.

How the Lack of Flavor of Which Some People Complain Is Accounted For.

Everywhere about this great fruit-eating city the comparative tastelessness of some of the fruits which in the markets were among the most luscious of former time is deplored nowadays by men, women and children alike, that is if the children have had the good fortune to eat fruit where it is grown for home consumption. Some complaints of the disappearance from city markets of the "fruit that had a taste" and some speculations as to the reason that what is offered no longer is of the tasteful variety have appeared from time to time, says the New York Sun.

According to some growers of fruit these writers have not hit upon the real reason why the character of the fruits in the city markets has so greatly changed. It used to be said by New Yorkers who ate shad in other places that there was no shad to equal those taken from the North river, just as Baltimoreans would assure their friends from other parts of the country that they must come to Maryland to enjoy terrapin, and Philadelphians spoke ever of the superiority of Shrewsbury oysters. The philosophic reached the conclusion that these various statements merely meant that the several gustatory delights mentioned were to be best enjoyed nearest the habitat of each; and men have lately risen to remark that fruits, too, must be eaten near where they are grown to have their excellence properly appreciated, and that the enlarging city has put the fruit belt too far away for the markets to get the fruit in all its freshness. But the fruit growers say that these men have not arrived at the real explanation of the matter.

The growers point out that the city patrons demand of fruiterers not only fruit that is perfectly sound, but that also looks well. To supply the city demand fruit must be shipped here from considerable distances. The prime requisite, therefore, is for fruit that will stand transportation and reach the city market sound and in a shape attractive to the eye. The effort of growers, therefore, has been to produce fruit of good keeping qualities. This has necessitated getting fruit of firmness of texture and firmness of skin. These qualities have been cultivated, with the result of the production of fruit of a somewhat coarse pulp and thick coating. In peaches this is the more readily noticeable, but it is true also in apples and pears. Strawberries as raised for the city markets have suffered in the same way. As loveapples, tomatoes might be classed with the fruits, and no vegetable has suffered as tomatoes have suffered from the same causes as those that have produced the all but tasteless peach. Many farmers in the garden belt of New York, not large fruit growers, but the men who used to send the produce of their orchards to town, no longer make an effort to sell their fruit to buyers for the city, since they cannot get good prices for fruits, which though superior in flavor, will not keep in condition long enough to meet the demand. The city purveyors are not willing, and probably it is true that they are not commercially able, to stand the losses entailed in the handling of the delicate varieties of fruit which are so quickly perishable.

Such is the explanation advanced by some growers of fruit, at any rate for the disappearance of "the fruit that had a taste," from the markets of New York city.

HOMES FOR HORSES.

Hospitals for Invalid and Aged Animals Are Established in England.

It is small wonder that, with the English love for horses, and under some sense of the tremendous debt we owe to those intelligent and patient servants, England should lead the way in establishing a hospital for the invalid and the aged, where the less opulent among horse owners may give their old favorites a peaceful autumn to their industrious lives, and where the poor man's beast is provided with rest, care, and doctoring to bring him as comfortably as may be through the ailments of horseflesh and send him back to the shafts sound and well. But even in England the ultra-gratitude of man has probably, not often left horse or donkey mourning, says the London Quiver. The Home of Rest has had but some thousand inmates; and how many thousands of horses are there in London alone who stumble along in faded weariness, and at last die for want of a few weeks in such a hospital? How many who, when infirmity shall have robbed them of the powers they have so obediently and gallantly exercised for our pleasure or our profit, are heartlessly doomed to an old age of misery, or who, honest and faithful in their lives, receive at our hands but the wages of death?

Seaside Causes Realism.

Sims Reeves was once asked how he first came to sing with such splendid energy and expression his very popular song: "The Bay of Biscay." He gave an interesting reply that it was in consequence of his own experience of a terrible storm during a sea voyage which he once made between St. Katharine's dock and Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Detroit Free Press.

No Deception.

Tenant—But, before I rented the house you said this was a tony neighborhood.

Landlord—And I say so now; there are three fruit vendors next door, and each one is named Tony.—Chicago Evening News.

DEATHS BY ELECTRICITY.

An Autopsy Which Shows That Lightning and Electric Chair Produce Different Results.

Dr. O'Hanlon, of the New York coroner's office, held an autopsy on the body of William Frazer, 32 years old, who was killed by lightning at Ellis Island. It has been the acknowledged idea among the medical profession that execution by electricity and death by lightning are the same form of death. Dr. O'Hanlon showed by the autopsy that this is not the case. In an execution large clots form on the surface of the lungs and the pericardium, and every portion of the nervous system is made pliable. The body of Frazer was found to be hardened noticeably and there were no clots of blood on the lungs or pericardium.

Dr. O'Hanlon said that Frazer had been hit on the top of the head by the lightning, and that it had passed down his right side. The shock to the nervous system was so intense that he thought there was a spasmodic contraction which lasted for several minutes. The man lived apparently for two or three minutes.

Over the heart and on the right side were found two burns about the size of the dollar. These were ascribed to the suspenders which Frazer wore. It is thought that the metal buckles acted as conductors and thus caused the burns.

PLUCKY GIRL WINS GOLD.

She Climbs to the Top of Chimney 126 Feet High to Gain a Prize.

Miss Darda Polica, one of the prettiest girls of South Brewer, Me., climbed to the top of an iron chimney, 126 feet from the ground, took a seat on its iron rim and calmly surveyed several hundred people below who had watched her feat.

The Eastern Manufacturing company erected the chimney several weeks ago and offered five dollars in gold to any person who would climb the little iron ladder that ran up its side, which was hardly wide enough to place two feet on one rung at the same time. None of the men in town dared to try the climb, but Miss Polica declared it was easy, and after donning a short skirt, she set out to make the ascent. It was noised about town that she was going to try for the gold piece, and several hundred men gathered to watch her. She made the ascent as lightly as a sailor, and when she descended accepted the five dollars amid the cheers of the assembled men.

WOMAN'S LONG SWIM.

Staten Island School-Teacher Goes from South Beach to Hoffman Island and Returns.

Miss Susan Robinson, a Staten Island school-teacher, who spends most of the daylight part of her summer vacation in the water and at the Staten Island beaches, told her friend, Seaman Schlesinger, of Rosebank, that she would stump him to swim from South Beach to Hoffman island and back again, a distance of five miles. He accepted and the pair reached the island without difficulty, rested for two hours and then swam back. They struck the shore on the return trip at four o'clock in the afternoon. The tide was in their favor both ways except for half an hour on the return trip. Miss Robinson used a slow breast stroke throughout the long swim.

Frozen Eels. Five tons of frozen eels from New Zealand have been placed on the market at London.

THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Oct. 13.		
CATTLE—Common	\$.35	@ 35
Extra butchers	...	@ 50
CALVES—Extra	...	@ 60
HOGS—Choice packers	5 00	@ 50
Mixed packers	4 75	@ 50
SHEEP—Choice	3 00	@ 35
LAMBS—Extras	4 50	@ 55
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 00	@ 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	...	@ 78
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	...	@ 42½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	...	@ 23½
RYE—No. 2	...	@ 58
HAY—Best timothy.	...	@ 14 75
PORK—Mess	...	@ 11 45
LARD—Steam	...	@ 6 80
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	...	@ 15
Choice creamery	...	@ 22½
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 25	@ 2 50
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 15	@ 1 25
TOBACCO—New	6 00	@ 9 95
Old	...	@ 12 00
CHICAGO.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 90	@ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	75	@ 76½
No. 3 spring	74½	@ 75½
CORN—No. 2	41½	@ 41½
OATS—No. 2	21½	@ 21½
RYE	50½	@ 51
PORK—Mess	15 00	@ 15 50
LARD—Steam	6 90	@ 7 00
NEW YORK.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 70	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	...	@ 80½
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	...	@ 47½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	...	@ 25½
RYE	...	@ 59
LARD—Steam	...	@ 7 35
PORK—Family	16 50	@ 17 00
BALTIMORE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72	@ 72½
Southern	68	@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46	@ 46½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	25	@ 25½
CATTLE—Butchers	5 00	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western	5 90	@ 6 05
INDIANAPOLIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	...	@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	...	@ 41
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	...	@ 22
LOUISVILLE.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 00	@ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	...	@ 74
CORN—Mixed	...	@ 44
OATS—Mixed	...	@ 24½
PORK—Mess	...	@ 13 00
LARD—Steam	...	@ 7 25

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